

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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NATURE—THE GARMENT OF GOD

THE month of May brings with it great joy. There is an old saying, "April showers bring forth May flowers." Some authorities say we get the name "May" from the Latin word "Maius," the Goddess of Growth. May was the month when the Roman children watched the growth of plants and trees and gathered flowers with which to decorate the doors and windows of their homes. With us it is the month of the May Pole and the May Queen, the time of flowers and song.

Solomon talks about these things. Speaking of the Lord, Whom he called his "beloved," he said: "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons."

When you look at an apple-tree in full bloom filling the air with fragrance and loading the bees with honey, just notice how much more beautiful it is than all the trees. Solomon knew nearly all there was to know about trees. He spoke of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the "hyssop, that springeth out of the wall."

We think of God as beyond the stars, but we find Him among the flowers. It was in a garden that God first talked with man, loved him and blessed him. It was in a garden that Christ arose from the tomb, the great event we celebrate as Easter.

The Bible opens with a garden. It closes with a garden. The first is Paradise that was lost. The last is Paradise regained. And between the two there is a third garden, the garden of Gethsemane. And it is through the unspeakable bitterness and desolation of Gethsemane that we find again the glorious garden through which flows "the river of water of life." Without Gethsemane no New Jerusalem! Without its mysterious and unfathomable night no blessed

sunrise of eternal hope! "We were reconciled to God by the death of His Son."

The story of John Chapman, "Johnnie Appleseed," tells us how a man served God and blessed humanity by planting apple-trees. His plan was to drift down the Ohio River in advance of the settlers, planting orchards in the wilderness, and when the early settlers came to these open glades they found the fruit trees that to them seemed to have been let down by God out of heaven.

May it be our purpose to plant the seeds of loving service in the hearts of men and women as we drift down the stream of time, that other lives may bear fruit to the honor and the glory of Him who has called us into His service.

"I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree,

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed

Against the earth's sweet flowing breast,

A tree that looks at God all day

And lifts her leafy arms to pray,

A tree that may in summer wear

A nest of robins in her hair,

Upon whose bosom snow has lain

Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree."

The old Greeks rejoiced in the coming of the month of May. The Greek sailors watched for the rising of this star "Maius" which, in Greek mythology, was the name of one of the stars in the groups called Pleiades. It is from the Greek word meaning "to sail." From Greek mythology we get the old saying, "Hitch your wagon to a star." In May they unhitched their boats from the shore and hitched them to the stars. Every sailor, "during the winter of his discontent," longed for the sweet influences of Pleiades. He

believed these influences were sure to come, for beyond the stars is God. He controls the movements of the stars and no man can bind them. God asked Job, "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades?" God has the stars under His command. Job could not bind them.

This is a good month to study astronomy. The wise men who wrote our Bible were students of the stars and spoke of them sixty-six times, just the number of the books of the Bible. They made the stars as windows through which we look beyond the sky to God.

The Psalmist rejoiced in the study of astronomy. We love to think of the 19th psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

Again in Psalm 8: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

As we gaze into the heavens this month, we will see very clearly outlined the dipper hanging in the sky. In the country, the dipper or tin cup hangs on the side of the pump. The two stars forming the further edge of the bowl of the dipper are called pointers, as they point up to the north star. This is the star to which we hitch our ships when crossing the ocean. How glad we are that there is not only a well, but also a dipper. Jesus said in Matthew 25: 35, "I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink." His love has provided the wells of salvation and our faith in Him is the dipper from which we draw water from the wells of salvation. Let us drink frequently from this fountain of life.

It's interesting to study nature. Nature is the garment of God. Take a little brown rose seed, examine it, put it under the most powerful microscope and all you see is a seed. Suppose in your soliloquy you ask the little seed this question: "What would thou that I should do to thee" and if it could answer it would reply "bury me." How startling the statement! Why should I bury you; that you may die? Yes, but rather that I may live again. For says the little seed there is wrapped up in me a thing of beauty. There is wrapped up in me that which when it comes to full bloom exudes the fragrance of God's breath. There is wrapped up in me that power which will elevate and illuminate every environment in which I am placed, but you will never see the beauty there is in me, you will never hear the song I can sing nor the testimony I can give, you will never enjoy the sweet perfume of my breath, until you put me in the place where *God can touch me*. Bury me, so God, through nature, may work out His plan in my little life; put me in the place where the dew of the morning

will bathe my brow and the sun of the morning will kiss my cheek, and in due time I will come into full bloom and that which was a little brown seed will become a beautiful rose in full bloom. My brethren, to my mind this teaches us all a wonderful lesson. There is wrapped up in your life and mine possibilities for service, talents for God, holy purposes, righteous desires. There is a song in your heart but the world about you will never hear the song you can sing nor will they be blessed by the talents, the purposes and the desires that are wrapped up in you until you consecrate yourself to Him who said, "*Follow me and I will make you fishers of men.*" In other words, we will never make the world better for having lived in it until we put ourselves in the place where God can touch us by His grace and fill us with His love.

Before John the Baptist was born the angel said to his mother Elizabeth, Luke 1: 14, "and thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth." Note the host of folks who rejoiced at John's birth.

When Abraham Lincoln was nine years of age his mother passed away. As he stood at her bedside she said: "Abe I dedicated you to the Lord Jesus when you were born, never forget to serve Him. Put all your confidence and trust in Him and He will sustain you." She gave him this counsel, "love everybody, hinder nobody, never lie, never drink, and the world will be glad some day that you were born."

Abraham Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation that freed 3,895,172 slaves. They sang the song of freedom and the whole world joined in the chorus. How many hearts are singing this month because you were born? How many lives are happy because in you they see the beauty of full fruitage? You touch other lives, do they bloom and blossom like the rose? Are you making solitary hearts glad, is the wilderness about you blossoming like the beautiful flowers of this June month? A beautiful story is told of a motherless child in a poor home who was very sick. All winter she lay in the sick-room, and visitors seldom came to see her. The wind made a lonely sound in the limbs of the leafless trees. The child longed for a bird, and the first to come was an owl. After a long wait June came, opened the window, covered the trees with leaves and brought singing birds. One morning when the child awoke there was a visitor in the room—a green vine with a red rose. The vine fastened to the wall, had, from the weight of the dew, fallen through the open window onto the invalid's pillow. The child pressed the cool red rose against her pale hot cheek, and smiled for the first time in weeks.

If you are a branch of the Christ vine, you will find the open window, and, as a rose of sympathy, love and helpfulness, you will shed forth beauty

and fragrance wherever they are most needed. The dew of heaven will fall upon you, and the fragrance and beauty of your life will help to make earth like heaven.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing." John 1: 5.—*Samuel R. Boggs, in The Gideon.*

WHISPERS

WINDS a'whispering of spring
Stir a bird to flight,
To the north it wings its way,
Flying day and night.

Shining bluebird, flying fleet,
Over hills and dales,
Sees a willow tree alight
With golden pussy tails!

Seven purple crocuses
Hurry forth to see
If they really hear a bird
In a willow tree!

Ah! When tree and crocus bloom,
When bluebird is here,
Something whispers in my heart
Spring is very near!

—*Aileen Beaufort, in The Christian Science Monitor.*

DEAF

AUNT Elvira rushed into the house, hysterical. "I've lost my hearing!" she shouted. "You have?" her frightened sister shouted back. "How do you know?"

"See that man out there playing that hand organ? Well, I can't hear a single note!" and Aunt Elvira wept afresh.

"That's a moving picture photographer at work!" snapped her sister.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECEIPTS

Velvet Custard Pie.—2 eggs, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water and a little nutmeg (mixed). Beat the eggs. Add the sugar, salt, milk and nutmeg. Pour into unbaked pie crust and bake in very hot oven for a few minutes. Then turn heat down very low and finish baking (about thirty minutes in all).

Spinach with Tomato Sauce.—Rub through sieve one-half can tomatoes, cook with one tablespoonful butter and small slice of bacon. Season with salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls

Worcestershire sauce. Cook spinach and season with butter. Butter cups, filled with spinach, make a hole in center of spinach and fill with the sauce. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Cheese Toast.—Butter nicely brown toast. Slice over it hard boiled eggs. Pour over this the following sauce and serve very hot. Put 1 tablespoon butter in a pan; add 1 tablespoon flour, then 1 cup milk, a little butter and salt. Beat well; add 1 cup grated American cheese.

Tyrol Pudding.—Two crackers, 2 tablespoons of cheese crumbs, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk.

Split and butter the crackers, and put them in a small baking dish. Sprinkle over them the crumbled cheese and a little salt and cayenne. Beat the eggs, add the milk, pour it over the crackers and bake about half an hour.

Cottage Cheese.—Dear Cottage Cheese: I saw your request in regard to making cottage cheese so that it will not be dry and crumbly, and I will tell you how I was told to make it.

In the first place the sour milk should be thick, but should not be kept after it becomes thick at least not more than a day, for a great deal of the success in making cottage cheese depends on the above.

Pour boiling hot water into the dish of sour milk and stir with a spoon for about a minute or until the curds are formed. Then turn into a fine wire sieve and allow all water to drain off. Place the cheese in a bowl and add salt to taste and a few tablespoons of sweet milk until cheese is soft and moist. Of course, the amount of milk to be added depends on the quantity of cheese one is making. It also makes the cheese a bit nicer to add one or two tablespoons of sweet cream.

HANDY HINTS

Loosening Tight Covers.—It often happens that screw covers on mustard, jelly and other jars are extremely difficult to remove. This can often be overcome by holding a lighted match under the cover, and rotating the jar to heat the edge all around. This expands the cover and allows it to come off easily.

Grease cake pans with lard or unsalted beef fat as butter scorches so easily. Line pans with waxed paper.

Before baking potatoes let them stand in hot water 15 minutes. It then takes much less time to bake them, saves gas and they are mealier.

Dip fish in milk instead of egg before rolling in bread or cracker crumbs. The fish will taste better.

All housekeepers know the inconvenience of hot, sputtering fat when frying eggs, potatoes and the like. This may be remedied by sifting a bit of flour into the fat before dropping the things into the pan.

To remove vegetable stains from your fingers, dip them in very strong tea for a few minutes and then wash them in clear, warm water.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

OFFERS

A correspondence course in Commercial Law, and one in Elementary Spanish are offered by the Home Study. In order that these courses may be of real benefit to the pupil it is necessary that he or she should have at least a grammar school education. For further information address Mrs. George A. Sands, 266 Brimble Avenue, Beverly, Mass.

For the following books, apply to Mrs. Bronson Crothers, 12 Francis Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

Cure for Souls. May Sinclair.
The Story of Thyra. Alice Brown.
Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody.
A Fool's Errand. By One of the Fools.
Mrs. Ames. E. F. Benson.
A Spanish Farm. Mottsam.
John Brown. Von Holst.
You Know What People Are. E. V. Lucas.
Last Words. Ewing.
Shadow Shapes. Elizabeth Sergeant.
A Traveller in Little Things. W. H. Hudson.

Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J., offers the following books:

The 25th Man. Ed. Morrell.
The Woman's Exchange Cook Book. Woman's Exchange.
The White House Cook Book. Hugo Ziemann and Mrs. F. L. Gillette.
Poets of the 19th Century. Rev. Robert Willmott and Evert Duyckink.
Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop. James L. Ford.
Lives and Public Services of Cleveland and Thurman. Hensel and Dorsheimer.
Quo-Vadis. Hendryk Sienkiewicz.
Political Works. Walter Scott.
Foundation Studies in Literature. Margaret S. Mooney.
Poetical Works. Percy Bysshe Shelley.
The Mother of Pauline. L. Parry Truscott.
Strawberry Hill. Clara Vance.
The Basis of Durable Peace. Cosmos.
Too Much Efficiency. E. J. Rath.
The Lady of Castell March. Owen Rhoscomyl.

Dora Deane. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes.
 The Step on the Stair. Anna Katharine Green.
 The Kingdom of Judah. Miss Warner.
 We Two. Edna Lyall.
 Red Rose and Tiger Lily. L. T. Meade.
 Douglas of Carrow or a Marked Man.
 A Knight of the 19th Century. Rev. E. P. Roe.
 Prayers for the Christian Year. Rev. Charles R. Baker.
 Tales upon Texts. Rev. H. C. Adams.
 An Egyptian Princess. George Ebers.
 The Principles of Human Knowledge. George Berkeley.
 From Alpine Snows to Volcano Fires.
 Chinese Jade.
 Mr. Friend o' Man. Jay T. Stocking.
 Fishin' Jimmy. Annie Trumbull Slosson.
 The Princess. Lord Alfred Tennyson.
 Lady Larkspur. Meredith Nicholson.
 The Bible and the Bible Country. Jabez T. Sunderland.
 Hymns and Services for Sunday Circles.
 Hints to Housewives.
 The Book of the Camp-Fire Girls.
 Seekers after God. Rev. F. W. Farrar.
 Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. Thomas Gray.
 The Prayer Book Reason Why. Rev. Nelson R. Boss.
 Prue and I. Curtis.
 Jackanapes and the Brownies. Juliana H. Ewing.
 Songs from Appledore. Oscar Laighton.
 Man Overboard. F. Marion Crawford.
 Pansies for Thoughts.
 He Leadeth Me. J. H. Gilmore.
 A Shropshire Lad. A. E. Housman.
 Fear Not. Selected by D. J. D. and E. W. Jill. E. M. Delafield.
 The Spell of Egypt. Robert Hichens.
 The Albany Depot. W. D. Howells.
 The Man Without a Country; My Double; How He Undid Me. Edward Everett Hale.
 Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Gray
 A Christmas Carol. Charles Dickens.
 Enoch Arden and Other Poems. Lord Alfred Tennyson.
 The Greatest Thing in the World and Pax Vobiscum. Henry Drummond.
 Beginning the Day. Charles Edwards Park, D.D.

REQUESTS

1. I am an orphan girl 15 years old. I would love so much to get some good books and magazines. "Freckles," by Gene S. Porter, and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Also scraps of gingham and percale, and bits of embroidery thread would be appreciated very much. I give as reference Rev. William Crouch, Appleton, Ark. (Miss) Lou-Etta Malloy, Appleton, Ark.

2. Mrs. Sallie Holland, Magnolia, N. C., living in an isolated community, will appreciate cheer of letters and reading.

3. Prof. Haynes, c/o Ben Bagwell, R. F. D. 1, Alpharetta, Ga., asks for small dictionaries, maps and globes for use in the Brandywine School, where we have a *Cheerful Letter* Library.

4. I am a boy 12 years old. I would be glad if some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends would send me some magazines and reading suitable for a boy of my age. I have two brothers, 9 and 6 years, and a little sister, 3 years old, who would appreciate cards. Derwood Howell, Crumpler, N. C.

5. Some of you may remember me, and I would be glad to hear from old friends as well as new ones. I have two girls, one aged 18 and one 8. My little girl Ocie would be pleased with fairy stories and picture books. I would appreciate pieces of percale and gingham for quilts. Mrs. India Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

6. I received the *Cheerful Letter*. Thank you very much for it—we need plenty of cheer. We live in the loneliest place we have ever lived, no one to visit us. We would be glad to get good books and magazines with good reading, or any thing to cheer us in our sickness while in a lonesome place.

We have recently moved here from North Carolina. I haven't seen a minister since we came here, as I am afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and I can't get out. I am sending you as reference, Rev. Lee Dolinger, Sturgills, N. C., who has known us all his life. I would be glad to have cheer of any kind. I hope to hear from you again. Mrs. Effie Anderson, Pembroke, Va., R. F. D. 1.

7. I am a young married woman living on a farm, and having my share of hard luck. We have been married two years the 14th of February, and my health gradually failed until I had to go to the hospital and undergo a very serious operation. And while I am much better at present, I am not yet very strong. The incision is very sore and painful at times, making me unable to do my work like I once did. Will appreciate reading matter, odds and ends of embroidery cotton or quilt pieces. Mrs. J. P. Owens, Rose Hill, N. C.

8. I live in the country a good ways from town, and would appreciate some good reading and quilt scraps of gingham or percale, any kind for quilts. I would like some good lady to correspond with me, to pass the lonesome hours. I would like to get the *Cheerful Letter*, also, if some one would send me one after they get through with it. Mrs. G. E. Spears, R. 5, Marshville, N. C.

9. I have been confined to my bed for over a month with pneumonia and pleurisy. Am so I can sit up some now. I've been in bad health,

though, before. I had an operation last spring, and am not over it yet.

If anyone can send me any good literature, or bits of embroidery thread or quilt pieces, even if they are small, I certainly will appreciate it.

I would like to have a correspondent. Hoping I haven't asked too much of you, I will close. (Mrs.) Andrew A. Huneycutt, Stanley Co., Richfield, N. C., R. 1.

10. Mrs. J. W. Waldrop, Etowah, Tenn., asks for reading for herself and children, the oldest a girl, Bertha, 10; Willie, 8 and Edith, 4.

11. Mrs. Tansy Neaves and Mrs. Lester Neaves, Jefferson, N. C., are grateful for the kindness shown them, and asks for scraps for quilts.

12. I am a little country girl 12 years old, just learning to embroider. I would be glad to receive designs for embroidery and bits of embroidery thread. I would also be glad of a correspondent. Grace Stuart, Brandon, N. C.

13. Mrs. Willie Messick, Malakoff, Texas, R. 2, a widow with four boys and two girls, aged 12 to one year, needs cheer.

14. Mrs. Laura Gibson, Malakoff, Texas, R. 2, Box 131, will be glad to receive picture books and post cards, also D. M. C. cotton.

15. I am an old member of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, and receive the *Cheerful Letter* each month, which I enjoy very much, although it has been a long time since I heard from any of the members. I feel that I am almost forgotten, and you know just how anyone feels when they feel forgotten. I will ask some of the friends to write me. Am also asking for some reading and scraps for patchwork. Miss Beulah Brooks, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 1, Box 83.

16. I am a young girl, a school teacher. I live off the public road, with my father and mother—my mother is weakly. Would you please send me scraps for her to piece while I am at school? And, if this isn't asking too much, please send me books to read. Anything to help me in my work will be appreciated. I teach the third and fourth grades. Miss Bina Maberry, Hilton, N. C.

17. Mrs. Chessie Neal of Jefferson, N. C., writes asking: "I wonder if our library could have Marion Crawford's novels from the *Cheerful Letter*? I have 'The White Sister,' 'Sant Ilario,' and 'In the Palace of the King' already."

18. We are renters. My health is not good, and I am left alone much of the time, and I get very lonely. I would greatly appreciate anyone's kindness in sending me reading matter, and scraps of any kind.

Won't some of the kind friends think of me? For reference, Rev. S. A. Thompson, Stuart, Va. Mrs. Bernice Martin, Stuart, Va., R. 1.

19. My husband and I would enjoy receiving some good reading matter of any kind. I espe-

cially would enjoy pattern work pieces, crocheting or embroidery thread. Thanking you in advance. Ethel Graham, Whitetop, Va.

20. Mrs. Lloyd Pack of Rupert, Ark., would appreciate sewing material and embroidery thread.

21. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bowers of Peachland, N. C., R. 1, are a young married couple. They would be very glad to receive any reading matter the *Cheerful Letter* friends would send them. Also anything to amuse their little one-year-old boy would be much appreciated.

22. Mrs. Daisy McAlexander of Elamsville; Va., Box 28, writes asking for cards and picture books for her two children, ages 3 and 4. She would like any sewing material and thread for herself, and her husband would appreciate any good farm paper.

23. Mrs. Aurelia K. Weston of Navassa, N. C., Box 22, would like books, magazines and cards, also copies of the *Cheerful Letter*.

24. Miss Ruby C. Paris, Alpharetta, Ga., writes: "I may have failed to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the nice scraps, reading matter and cards, books, etc., sent to me. I heartily appreciated them. I have not been well for a long, long time, but I am improving in health. I can roll around in my wheel chair again. I do appreciate all that my *Cheerful Letter* friends have done for me."

25. Mrs. B. Stone of Sanville, Va., sends thanks for the cheer she has received from *Cheerful Letter* friends. She would appreciate any books for her children to study, as she was not able to send them to school through the winter.

26. I wish to thank my *Cheerful Letter* friends for what I have received. It surely has been a pleasure to me, as my health is so bad. I would appreciate reading matter of any kind, bits of thread or quilt scraps. May God bless every one who has helped to bring cheer to my life is my prayer. Mrs. G. R. Stike, Crumpler, N. C.

27. Mrs. Belle Mason of Rupert, Ark., asks for cheer for her invalid daughter, 20 years old—sewing material, embroidery thread, or pictures of any kind.

28. Mrs. W. M. Datson, Dayton, Tenn., R. 3, is the mother of twelve children, ages ranging from 2 to 17 years, the eight that are still at home. She asks for magazines, books and cards for these children.

29. Mrs. Ada C. Elliot, Apple Grove, N. C., sends her thanks to all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have sent her cheer.

30. Rev. W. M. Brooks of Whitetop, Va., R. 2, Box 53, is 78 years old, and now feeble and lonely. He would very much appreciate any suitable reading the *Cheerful Letter* friends would send him.

31. Mrs. Lula M. Carter of Harlin, Ky., lives in the mining district. She would appreciate good wholesome reading matter for herself and husband. She says that in many cases the miners' children are very much neglected, and she hopes to receive books and cards with which to spread good cheer among these children.

32. G. A. Bonner, Big Spring, Tenn., R. F. D. 2, asks for books suitable for her two little boys, ages 8 and 3 years. Also any reading matter or sewing material for herself would be greatly appreciated.

AT SIXTY-TWO

(Contributed)

JUST sixty-two! then trim thy light,
And get thy jewels all reset;
'Tis past meridian, but still is bright
And lacks some hours to sunset yet.

At sixty-two be strong and true!
Scour off thy rust and shine as new;
'Tis yet high day, thy staff renew,
And fight fresh battles for the true.

At seventy-two begin once more,
And brighter shine at eight-four!
At ninety-two, should you arrive,
Still wait on God, and work and strive.

Keep thy locks wet with morning dew.
And freely let thy graces flow;
For years annointed younger grow,
Then work away, till sunset breaketh
Into Day.

—Author unknown.

HAD FAITH IN HIS WATCH

A YANKEE, an elderly man, had a watch that for thirty or forty years had kept good time, and he boasted of its accuracy on every occasion.

With a guest from Boston, he arose, one summer morning, to see the sun rise over the eastern hills, and as they waited for the orb of day to appear, the Yankee kept consulting, first his

watch, which was in his right hand, and then a farmer's almanac, giving the sun's schedule, which was in his left.

There was a long wait in the pale, vague dawn. Then, tapping his watch with his forefinger, the Yankee said:

"If the sun ain't over that hill in a minute and a half, he'll be late."—*Clipped.*

THE FOX AND THE FROG

ÆSOP tells of a frog who told the animals in the forest that he could cure all kinds of illness. The woods folk were much impressed with Mr. Frog's learning because he spoke in a croaking way that they could not understand very well.

"Mr. Frog must be very wise indeed," they said, "so wise we poor folks cannot even understand him."

When they had gathered at the home of Mr. Frog to avail themselves of his wonderful curing powers a fox happened to pass.

"How can you cure others, when you have such a horrible croaking voice that you can't find a cure for?" said the fox.

People should cure their own faults before finding faults in others.

The above moral is as good today as it was hundreds of years ago when it was written. It may be much easier to find faults in others than in ourselves but it really doesn't help matters much. Even if we find faults in others we can't remedy them any more than could Mr. Frog, since no one can cure faults but the person who has them. But we can cure our own faults, and this job is big enough to keep us busy without trying to cure our neighbors.—*Selected.*

ONLY to trust and do our best, and wear as smiling a face as may be for others and ourselves.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

It always takes Two to be Glad.

DON'T worry because the tide is going out. It always comes back.

NOTICE

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods.

The above rule, which is printed each month in this paper, has been so abused that all names asking for clothing will be dropped from our list. Will those receiving such letters please send them to the Chairman, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES NO. 3

TANTRUMS

In this issue we shall deal with "Tantrums"—one of the most serious problems which confront mothers and guardians. Naughtiness, so-called, should be faced resolutely, the cause sought, and then dealt with according to the best information available. Apparent failure should not discourage you—just have patience and begin again. When we think of the old form of child discipline, the "breaking of the will," it seems incredible that strong men and women of splendid character ever were developed. Instead of building up by good habits, the parent or teacher dominated the child, satisfying his own love of power while believing himself acting for the good of the child only.

When a crisis arises, stop and "think through" before acting. This will help you, and give the child a chance to quiet down before being dealt with. In the case of a young child, if force is necessary, exert it by gently grasping him in your arms, holding in a chair or bed (if the latter, a carriage strap is serviceable). If either side is angry or excited, argument is worthless and talking is only useful in calming the child, the words matter little. The tone of your voice is what tells the child the *real* you and *you* count more than what you *say*.

This explains how ignorant parents of strong character may rear fine children who make their mark in the world, but it does not prove that knowledge is not desirable, only that *spirit* comes first.

If we hold our children in trust and make them feel that we are instruments of laws outside ourselves, which we must obey as well as they, the problem is solved so far as normal children are concerned. In correction, include yourself, as "We have to be good," or "We can't disturb others, we have to be quiet." (Employ the positive and avoid "don'ts" whenever you can.)

Children should be made to realize that we know best in matters of health, danger, etc., and that instant acceptance of our decisions regarding these is essential (the reasons may be given afterward), but other rules are to develop self-control and should be chosen as much as possible by themselves, under our advice. With children of reasonable age, family "town-meeting" is most valuable for dealing with affairs involving all the household.

Through games, the baby may become captain of his limbs and responsible for his fingers, toes, and tongue as soldiers. He experiments by hitting, unconscious of effects, and the quickest way to secure understanding is to force him to

strike himself, holding the arm above the wrist and saying: "We can't do that, Mother will have to show you how it hurts." If tried, the responsive look of intelligent astonishment will surprise you—it seldom needs to be repeated.

A wholesome awe of fire may be aroused by approaching a flame or heated article to a child's finger (it is not necessary actually to burn it). Fire fascinates children—let them enjoy it safely with *you*, and there should be little danger of unpermitted use of matches. Even a young child can strike a match under your guidance and apply it to the fire which has been built as a special treat, on the hearth or outdoors. Nothing gives more pleasure than collecting fire material, and he will greet your coöperation with delight, but if you fail to give this natural longing a vent, it may be found secretly, with possible injury or loss of life. For city children it is difficult to provide beyond the lighting of the gas range!

Destructive tendencies come from curiosity, often just the desire to *do*. Discourage aimless knocking down of block towers, but when it is time for the child to "put away," have the fall as mighty one, as important as the building—a part of the game. Frequently children injure wall-paper, paint, books, etc.—the remedy is things which may be pounded without hurt, articles which can be taken apart and put together again (always left complete), books and pads for painting and scribbling, plasterine for modeling (for the older child), sand in starch box placed on sheet, with milk bottle, funnel, spoon, or aluminum mug, and blunt-pointed scissors to cut newspaper.

Children should early recognize property rights and do so if their own are respected. Provide boxes and shelves for treasures (a bookcase with glass door is ideal for fragile ones), and then admire the child's arrangement of them in place.

These suggestions for constructive methods, to avoid trouble "before it begins," may be adapted to your own daily needs, and experiences will evolve others. If tantrums, or, to use the more scientific term, hysteria, persists, seek advice from the best nerve specialist of your community. There is always a cause which is easier to remove the sooner discovered.

According to recent psychology, children are born with two fears, of loud noise and of falling—therefore babies should be kept from the former and should always be handled gently and firmly. Until after the sixth year too much care cannot be given to their environment and companions—grown-ups as well as those of their own age—for something may be said or done during those impressionable years which will affect them all their lives, although it may not show until they are mature, and prevent their rightful share of the "joy of life."

OUR MOTHERS

ALL that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

There is no love like a mother's,
 'Tis the sun that shineth forth;
 There is no truth like a mother's,
 'Tis the star that points the north;
 There is no hope like a mother's,
 'Tis the April in the clod;
 There is no trust like a mother's,
 'Tis the charity of God;
 The love and truth, the hope and trust,
 That make the mortal more than dust.

—*John Jarvis Holden.*

Even He that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought.—*Henry Longfellow.*

A mother is a mother still,
 The holiest thing alive.

—*Coleridge.*

They say that man is mighty,
 He governs land and sea;
 He wields a mighty sceptre
 O'er lesser powers that be;
 But a mightier power and stronger
 Man from his throne has hurled,
 And the hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world.

—*W. R. Wallace.*

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Napoleon.*

. . . In the heaven above
 The angels, whispering to one another,
 Can find, amid their burning terms of love,
 None so devotional as that of "Mother."

—*E. A. Poe.*

Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
 Shalt show us how divine a thing
 A woman may be made.

—*Wordsworth.*

One good mother is worth a hundred school-masters.—*Proverb.*

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.—*Thackeray.*

All mothers are rich when they love their children.

There are no poor mothers, no ugly, no old ones. Their love is always the most beautiful of the joys.

And when they seem most sad, it needs but a kiss which they receive or give to turn all their tears into stars in the depths of their eyes.—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

The distinguished Garibaldi, speaking of his mother said, "Often amidst the most ardent scenes of my tumultuous life I have in my fancy seen her on her knees before the Most High; my dear mother imploring for the life of her son, and I believe in the efficacy of her prayers."

The love of a mother is never exhausted. It never changes, it never tires. It endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation. A mother's love still lives on.—*Washington Irving.*

The happiest part of my life has been my mother, and with God's help she will be more to me than ever.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE SONG OF THE TWELVE JEWELS

THESE be the gifts of the Master—

In darkness, Light;
 In sorrow, Joy;
 In turmoil, Peace;

In hatred, Love;
 In weakness, Strength;
 In labours, Rest;

In perplexities, Insight;
 In dangers, Laughter;
 In happiness, Compassion;

In failure, Wisdom;
 In exile, Sweetness;
 In weariness, Delights.

These be the gifts of the Master,
 These be His precious gifts.
 These be His gifts to you, Brother.
 In the name of the Master,
 Take them, have them, keep them.
 Peace be with you, Brother.
 In the name of the Master, Peace!

—*The Book of the Beloved.*

No prayer can go up to God from any human heart more acceptable than that which asks that the loved one may be preserved from some ensnaring temptation, from the bewildering sophistry of worldliness, which asks not outward good, but inward life, for those most dear.—*Selected.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE BRIGHTWINGS' FOUNTAIN

DURING the warm summer weather, the Brightwing family liked to be up and about very early in the morning. This was because the middle part of the day grew so hot that they preferred to stay in cool Cypress Grove at that time.

The two babies were lively children now and had learned to fly very nicely. Father and Mother Brightwing felt a great deal of pride in their two little birds, who were called Hummer and Flittie. They were an affectionate family and had splendid times together.

One morning they all overslept, though Hummer and Flittie were generally awake as soon as the earliest of birds. The night before, however, the Mocking Birds' Choral Club had given a most delightful concert which lasted far later than the Brightwing children's ordinary bedtime. It was the first evening affair they had attended in their short lives. Oh, they had enjoyed it so much! No wonder they dreamed about it still next morning, instead of flying out of bed eager for breakfast.

On this particular day of which we are speaking, Mr. Brightwing shook the sleep out of his eyes, preened his feathers a bit, and then hopped out of the nest to see what the weather prospect might be.

There's not a cloud in all the sky,
And oh, the sun is climbing high,

he reported on his return.

The honeysuckle smells so sweet,
Make haste my dears, and do let's eat!

But Mrs. Brightwing was warm already from hurrying about the nest, so she said:

I do declare, I've such a thirst,
I'd like a drink of water first.

Of course, that made Hummer and Flittie thirsty too.

Oh, Daddy, dear, you just can't think
How much we'd like a nice, cool drink!

they cried in their chirpy little voices.

Father Brightwing agreed that he would enjoy a sip of water himself, so off they all sped to the public drinking fountain. This was a shallow cement pool that Marjorie and Ted kept filled for the birds at the ranch.

There seemed to be a great deal of excitement going on around the fountain. So many birds were twittering and chattering that Hummer and Flittie drew close to their father and mother. In a moment they all learned the cause for such activity on a hot day.

The fountain was dry—as empty as could be!

You see, Marjorie and Ted had gone to the beach for two weeks. They had left directions with Wong Lee, the Chinese cook, to put plenty of water in the pool every day, but he had forgotten all about it.

As soon as the birds saw the empty fountain they all grew thirstier than ever. Mr. Brightwing, however, only laughed cheerfully.

Don't fret my dears, in just one minute,
I'll find some place with water in it,

he promised his little family and off he flew.

Now, in a country where it only rains during the winter, water is not so very easy to discover in warm weather. Mr. Brightwing hunted busily about, but everything seemed dry and dusty. The hot sun had taken up every bit of moisture and there was none left for birds.

Finally Father Brightwing perched on an orange tree to rest for a moment. Suddenly he heard a welcome sound—the rush of running water! His bright little eyes looked eagerly around. Sure enough, there stood Wong Lee, watering the garden with a hose.

So Mr. Brightwing flew boldly up to the tempting-looking flow of water and opened his bill longingly. However, the sparkling stuff was coming in a very strong stream and, manfully though he tried, he was not successful in getting anything to drink. Again and again he tried, but the current was too violent for him.

At last he decided there was nothing to do but give up. It was extremely hot by this time, so he flew slowly back to his waiting family. The children were very good about the disappointing news, but they, and Father and Mother Brightwing too, felt that a nice, cold drink would be the most delicious treat imaginable.

They were more thirsty than hungry, but they gathered together some food and started back toward Cypress Grove. As they were entering the tree, Mrs. Brightwing, who was doubly desirous of drinks on her children's account, spied something glistening. She made a hasty search, then hurried on to tell the joyful tidings.

Here's all the water we could wish,
Since we are birds instead of fish.
For each, a beautiful green dish!

she sang in her glee.

The Brightwings expectantly followed Mother Brightwing as she led them to the salt-bush hedge near their own Cypress Grove. Here, Wong Lee had just been turning the hose vigorously, and all the grayish green leaves were covered with drops of clear, cold water.

They drank and drank, as much as hummingbirds can hold. Mr. Brightwing, as the man of the family, did wish he had been the one to

provide so well for them. However, he was a generous bird.

My dear, your eyes are very bright,
To find this most delightful sight,

he praised handsomely.

Fortunately, Wong Lee remembered the drinking fountain next time, as he watered the garden, and the birds fared well all the rest of the days Marjorie and Ted were away.

JUMBLED FLOWERS

HERE are the names of ten flowers to grow in your garden. But as something seems to have gone wrong in the printing of them, you must sort them out first.

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. Nasy. | 6. Autpeni. |
| 2. Yopp. | 7. Munlidpihe. |
| 3. Sopimerr. | 8. Llyi. |
| 4. Natcioran. | 9. Liput. |
| 5. Doffilad. | 10. Satnurmuit. |

RESOURCE

THERE was a sign on the front of the store, reading "Boy Wanted."

Inside in a waiting room, eleven lads waited to see the boss, and apply for the job.

Tommy was a little late. He walked into the room, making the twelfth boy. Then he turned and walked out again.

"When will the boss get here?" he inquired of the clerk.

"Ought to be here in five minutes," was the answer.

Tommy went to the front of the store, took down the sign and hid it under his coat. Then he returned to the waiting room. As he went back, he took off his cap and stuffed that inside his coat. Just as he came to the door of the room, he took out the sign and carried it carelessly in one hand. He walked into the room as if he owned it.

"Outside for you all," he observed, nonchalantly. "The place is taken." With some grumbles the boys left the room and filed out. As the last of them left, an inner door opened and a man came in.

"Why, what—where—what's become of all those boys?"

"I told 'em the place was taken. You've got a boy."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm the boy," answered Tommy.

The boss laughed.

"Just show half as much initiative and resource for me, as you have for getting the job, and maybe you'll stay the boy."

Tommy did.

FLOWERS LOVE CARE

THE season is now at hand when it is more of a luxury to have flowers in the house constantly, and yet no home can afford to be without their cheery influence. Perhaps a word upon the care of cut and potted flowers at this time is timely.

There are some people to whom flowers do not seem to respond. "We do not have the knack of caring for them," they say. An old gentleman in a little town was the mecca for all the sick house plants of the village, and it was truly strange how he could nurse back to health the flowers that lack of care or too much attention had truly made sick.

Knack, after all, is just right care. Neglect a bunch of fresh and beautiful flowers and they dry and shrivel.

Cut flowers should have fresh water daily. Do not shock them with ice water or, on the other hand, give them lukewarm water. Fresh cold water is just right. At night remove them from the warm rooms and put in a cool place—the porch, an unheated room or basement. Cutting the stems about an inch daily to allow a fresh suction of water adds to their life. Salt added to the water is another help. Some people put an aspirin tablet in the water with wilted flowers to revive them. When cutting the stems use a sharp knife, so the stems will not be pinched and bruised, as with scissors.

Choose a vase or bowl large enough to hold sufficient water. Crowding flowers into a vase with little capacity for water because of its beautiful shape detracts from the beauty of both flowers and ornament. Above all, give each blossom a chance to throw off every bit of beauty it contains by arranging them loosely so each nodding head will show to advantage.

Roses may be made to last much longer by playing with nature a little. Everybody loves a rose bud. In a few days they open to beautiful full roses. When the leaves begin to curl and dry, do not toss them out for dead, but each day remove the curled outer leaves and the heart of the rose will remain a bud for several days longer.

As for potted plants, perhaps the advice of a quaint lady whose plants were noted is as good as any:

"Oh, I believe in giving them a little drink every day. I think that's better than a drought, then a deluge."—*Grace Johnson.*

A HUSBAND found some holes in his silk stockings and said, "Wife, dear, why haven't you mended these?"

"Hubby, darling, did you buy me that opera cloak you promised?"

"N-no."

"Well, if you don't give a wrap, I don't give a darn."

RILEY AT HOME

AN Indianapolis lawyer, with a friend, motored down to Greenfield, Indiana, the birthplace of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet. They had dinner at the hotel, and thought they would like to see the house where Riley lived, so they asked the hotel man:

"Where is the Riley House?"

"I don't know any hotel by that name," he replied; "though there may be some such boarding house here."

"I mean the James Whitcomb Riley House," said the lawyer, thinking his host had misunderstood.

"I don't know him; you may be able to find his name in the city directory."

"I guess he's moved," said the lawyer as he aimlessly thumbed the directory.

"Probably," the hotel keeper commented. "Some of them Irish don't stay long in a place!"

IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY

WHEN a man ain't got a cent and he's feeling kind
o' blue

An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy an' won't let
the sunshine through,

It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller juss
to lay

His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort
o' way.

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear
drops start,

An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of your
heart;

You can look up and meet his eyes, you don't
know what to say

When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly
sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 22 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.